

Letters to the Editor

Everybody's Column

We Welcome Your Signed Letters

Letters to the Editor are limited to 500 words and must be signed by the writer with his address. The Poughkeepsie Journal reserves the right to reject any letter in part or its entirety. Communications cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Anonymous letters WILL NOT BE PRINTED. Anyone signing a false name to a letter is liable to criminal prosecution.

Editor
Poughkeepsie Journal

This is Magnolia time in Poughkeepsie. A time for all to rejoice that we have so many beautiful specimens planted years ago by thoughtful people—and many new little trees planted today. It makes Poughkeepsie a Magnolia City. The little Magnolia Park just dedicated in Cannon Street has one of the best examples—in Europe, the small parks are everywhere in every country. Do not neglect to see Mrs. Emmerson Fite's Magnolias in "Historic Row" at the Soldiers' Fountain. Her house is 150 years old, as old as Boscobel and it was for years the clubhouse of the Women's City and County Club. The organization now is in its 45th year.

I heard an urban renewal official say that these houses were not historical. Well, George Washington did not sleep there, but may I list a few of the famous people who belonged to the club—came to lunch, tea, suppers to speak and some even slept there in the days of the ownership of Miss Laura J. Wylie, late great Professor of English at Vassar and founder of the Women's City and County Club.

Visitors include Professor Gertrude Buck, founder of the Community Theater, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mrs. James Roosevelt, Mrs. Henry Morganthau Jr., Miss Ruth Morgan, Mrs.

Gordon Norrie, Carrie Chapman Catt, Mrs. Richard Aldrich, Mrs. Vincent Astor, now Mrs. Lytle Hull, Mrs. Robert Hoe, Mrs. Archibald Rogers, Mrs. Willard Straight, then president of the Junior League of America, and where the Junior League of Poughkeepsie was born, Amelia Erhart, Lady Astor, Commander Bird, Mrs. Henry N. McCracken, and Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, Miss Mary Hinkley, Miss Anna Morse, Mrs. Byard Verplanck, Mrs. Joel Spingarn, Mrs. Guy Bowen, Mrs. Walter Averill, Mrs. J. D. Keith, Mrs. H. N. Bain. Do you want the other 700 named? I don't think you do.

I hope the walk I took with the Democratic women in the urban renewal areas will help save these historic houses to which I refer. Stuart Goodman, designer of our urban renewal plans, seems in sympathy with saving them. He is a very intelligent, educated, gentleman from England.

Yes, the Magnolias and Forsythias are cheering, but we lack, sadly, good outdoor manners by scattering papers as one walks in the business district particularly—by not wrapping our garbage or using tops on the cans. Poughkeepsie and its area raise millions of dollars for one cause or another here, and yet it seems people can't afford good looking trash cans. Right here in Poughkeepsie is the thinking part of the United States, computers are made here. Not to be left out of the thinking, the Women's City and County Club, the Poughkeepsie Garden Club, and the Dutchess County Garden Study Club have put on their thinking caps with the valuable aid of the Merchants' Retail Association and plan to really make Poughkeepsie look much better.

I congratulate here and now, merchants and householders throughout the area who do keep their properties in order.

MRS. HOBART HUNT
121 Academy St.

"He doeth much that loveth much."

—*Á* KEMPIS.

Anne Bradford Buck

Born September 10, 1846

Went Asleep January 29, 1906

*Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.*

*Find out men's needs and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.*

—GEORGE HERBERT.

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FOOTE AND DAVIES CO. ATLANTA

Introductory

ANNE BRADFORD, the wife of George M. Buck, fell asleep January 29, 1906, in Washington, D. C., after an illness of more than ten weeks. She had suffered from a complication of diseases for a number of years and death came as a blessed release not merely from present bodily pain, but from future and more severe physical and mental suffering. For several years her eyesight had been much impaired and she had lived facing constantly the agonizing possibility of total loss of sight. She was spared this great disability, and through the devoted skill of her physician was relieved of much of

the suffering which often attends such a complication of disease. Her husband was constantly with her and the rest of her family much of the time during her illness. Until the last week she derived unfailing pleasure from seeing the members of her family, especially her little grandchild and namesake of whom she was exceedingly fond. The last few days were passed for the most part in a state of entire or semi-unconsciousness with occasional intervals of lucidity and increasing weakness, until finally her spirit seemed to slip away almost unobserved.

Her going has left a shadow and a void in the hearts of her family and friends, for she is sorely missed. The world seems

impoverished. Yet her life remains to comfort and inspire, and it is the purpose of this small volume to assemble the main facts in reference to that life. It may serve to recall from time to time her gentle presence. To those whose lives were enriched by the outpourings of her wonderful love, such remembrance will be both natural and blessed, and the thought of her life of complete devotion to others, a precious memory.

Life and Character

ANNE BRADFORD was born September 10, 1846, in Oakville, Monroe County, Michigan, and died January 29, 1906, at Washington, D. C. She was the third daughter and fifth child of William Bradford and Dolly Lyman Bradford. Her father, a direct descendant of Governor William Bradford, was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a preacher of great persuasive eloquence and a man of exceptional influence in the community. He died of small-pox in 1850, at the height of his powers, leaving to his widow the task of rearing and educating their six children.

Anne

This task she undertook with dauntless courage and accomplished with entire success, bringing to it not only a singular vigor of both mind and body, but inexhaustible energy and unusual practical efficiency. Mrs. Bradford was a woman of forceful personality, sternly upright character and strong religious convictions. Her children were brought up in the fear of the Lord. Though in straitened circumstances, they received every advantage of intelligent and refined associations, careful home training and excellent school education.

Anne Bradford is described by her sisters and brother as having been a dreamy book-loving child, especially close to her mother's heart, affectionate

and unselfish in disposition, lovely in person, with rosy cheeks, soft brown eyes, a lustrous mass of brown hair and an expression peculiarly modest and winning. She was exquisitely organized in every way, sensitive to influence, instantly responsive to suggestion, but strangely combined with this she had an inflexible sense of right and wrong to which her adherence was absolute. This curious blending of artistic sensitiveness and intense moral rectitude doubtless derived from her Puritan ancestry, was characteristic of her throughout her life. It was notable of her also, that the freshness of mind and of heart which lends its greatest charm to childhood but which in

most people does not outlast that period remained with her through all the knowledge and the suffering which adult experience infallibly brings. As the years passed she added the graces and the understanding of maturity but still kept untarnished the purity of heart, the spontaneous delight in beauty, the capacity for simple happiness, the unquestioning faith in goodness and truth that had been hers as a child.

Both as a girl and in all her later life her mind was peculiarly eager and alert for knowledge. In the public schools of Detroit and Ypsilanti where her education was begun and afterwards in Kalamazoo at the private school of Mrs. Lucinda Hinsdale Stone she was ac-

counted the best student in her classes. It was her ambition to enter college, but the University of Michigan had not then opened its doors to women, and a woman's college in the east was beyond the means of her family. In private study she covered the work of the first year done at the University of Michigan and then entered upon the occupation of teaching, first in Mrs. Stone's school and later for one year as preceptress of the High School in Adrian, Michigan. For such a position she was eminently fitted by nature as well as by training. Aside from her intellectual interests and attainments, her charm of personality, her modest dignity of bearing, and her quick, in-

stinctive sympathy won the immediate cooperation of her students. One of these students said of her in after years: "Miss Bradford never needed to use what they call 'discipline.' We all admired and loved her so that we wanted more than anything else to do whatever she wanted of us. We wouldn't have hurt or disappointed her for the world."

Her career as a teacher was cut short by her marriage, April 14, 1869, to Mr. George Machan Buck, a prominent young lawyer of Kalamazoo, Michigan. She had been exceptionally successful as a teacher, but the life of the home afforded perhaps the fullest possible scope and satisfaction for her richly endowed

nature. Almost the entire period of her married life was spent in Kalamazoo. In fact, from the age of fifteen until about six years before her death she resided there continuously. And during these last six years, when she spent every winter in Washington, she returned to Kalamazoo each summer, and always spoke and thought of it as her home. During many years of her early married life her mother and her three sisters all lived near her in the town, a circumstance which contributed greatly to her happiness. Her mother, her sisters and her husband were all members with her of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Kalamazoo, the church with which she first united as a

young girl, and of which she remained a faithful communicant all her life.

In Kalamazoo also were born her four children, Percy, who died in infancy, Gertrude, William Bradford, and Winifred. To them and to her husband she devoted her life. Studious and literary by nature, she yet threw herself wholeheartedly into the work of home-making. She made herself mistress of every practical detail and her artistic sensitiveness expressed itself in the exquisite ordering of her household, in dainty cookery, immaculate cleanliness and a kind of fastidious perfection in all the means and ordinances of daily life. With her, house-keeping was sublimated into a

fine art. But her home-making extended beyond this. She had a genius for sympathy and affection. Her love for her husband and children never failed. Whether the demand were small or great, whether it were merely a smile and a gentle word to the child who ran to her with a new toy in the midst of household duties and preoccupations, or whether it were the giving of her own too limited strength to nurse some member of her household through a serious illness, whatever the demand, she met it not only willingly but with unfeigned joy in the opportunity to contribute to the happiness or the welfare of those she loved.

One of her old friends has

spoken of her as "the most devoted wife and mother I ever knew," and this estimate would infallibly have been made by any one who saw her in her home. She was her husband's loyal support and efficient helper in every circumstance and enterprise of their lives. Though maintaining her own individuality and never relinquishing her own point of view unless honestly convinced of another, she entered whole-heartedly into his interests and bore jointly with him the burdens of an active public life. Her wise counsel, her entire sympathy and her generous cooperation were always his. She strengthened his hands, clarified his judgments and sustained his spirits.

To her he attributes, not only the greatest happiness but the greatest good of his life.

Her children arise up and call her blessed. They have from her a priceless inheritance. She believed in happiness, that blameless happiness which involves no injury to others, and secured for her children what has been called the one essential provision, a happy childhood. She not only cared sedulously for their physical well-being but nourished their minds and opened for them continually new sources of pure enjoyment, especially in the world of literature. While they were yet too young to understand a word of their meaning, she would repeat to them nightly

until they fell asleep long passages of the best English poetry, with which her memory was abundantly stored. She had a gift for reciting, in no elocutionary fashion, but simply, so as to express the idea involved, and with this as with every other possession of hers she enriched the lives of her children. As they grew older she remained the constant friend who furthered all their efforts, rejoiced and sorrowed with them in every smallest vicissitude of fortune and asked of them only the love that was always unmeasuredly hers. Her image was stamped indelibly upon the home of which she was the center. She made it an abode of peace and love. No harsh word ever fell from

her lips. No ungentle action has place in anyone's memories of her.

In this home she dispensed a cordial, simple hospitality more often met with in the olden times than now. Friends who called were asked informally to "stay to dinner" or to supper. Guests were always welcome, however unexpected their arrival or however heavy the burden of additional labor in the household might be at that particular time. And this welcome was no mere formula of the lips, but a genuine feeling of the heart. She was glad to see her friends whenever they might come. Hospitality was with her no matter of reciprocity. She entertained the most frequently

and the most lovingly those who could make no return in kind. Like everything else in her life, invitations were opportunities not for display or for self-aggrandisement in any form, but rather for disinterested affection and self-forgetful service.

Nor was her loving kindness limited to her own home. Out of slender means she gave largely to those whose necessities she could relieve by money, food or clothing. She would never keep in her house anything which the members of the family did not actually need for themselves. "It ought to be doing good to some one," was a familiar saying of hers. Nothing was either wasted or hoarded in

her home. It was in a small way a distributing station. And in her busy life, with strength too often unequal to the demands made upon it, she yet found ways of knowing needs which would never have disclosed themselves to one less sympathetic and tactful. She gave herself with her alms and became a friend to those she benefitted.

Her exhaustless love and sympathy led her to divine spiritual no less than material needs, the need of companionship and appreciation, of awakened self-respect and a new motive for right-doing. Quietly and simply, as though it were the most natural thing in the world to do, she spoke the word that someone longed

to hear, spent the half hour or gave the invitation which often meant more to the recipient than she in her modesty could realize. Though frequently too much occupied to make purely social calls she was always able to visit those who were ill, to carry them dainty jellies or broths of her own making and to lend a helping hand to the household if occasion arose.

She was never too much absorbed in her own work and interests to remember anniversaries and occasions. She never failed, as even the most thoughtful sometimes do, to offer the word of congratulation or of sympathy when it was fitting. A young boy whom she counted among her

friends died with tragic suddenness several years ago, and as long as she lived she sent a bunch of violets to his parents on each recurring anniversary of his death. Of this as of many other similar observances no one but the recipients knew until she rested from her labors. The words of the old hymn recur irresistibly when one dwells in thought upon these constant ministeries of hers:

“A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.”

She believed in neighborliness and practiced it. Those who lived near her she felt were united to her by a real bond which outlasted even her removal to another city. “So many of my neighbors are

away this summer," she said sorrowfully, after she had been for five years in Washington. Her neighbors were still those who had lived about her in the Vine Street home, where so many years of her life had been spent.

She identified herself in this warmly personal way with every institution and society to which she belonged. The Church, the Home Missionary Society, the Ladies' and Pastor's Union, of which she was for some time the president, were made up of those she accounted her friends. She was sincerely interested in them all, admired generously their good qualities and put out of her mind whatever she could not admire or approve.

She was not indiscriminating in her judgments of people, but she could not bear to think of their faults or to hear them spoken of. As one of her oldest friends has written of her: "Kind-hearted and charitable, hers was a nature so pure and faultless that the transition which we call death cannot mean much of a change to her. She was extremely amiable, always excusing, unwilling to hear anything harsh."

This habit of dwelling upon the best in people, was a great power in her life. She often seemed almost to create the goodness she believed in. She really loved those she came in contact with, and they responded to her love and confidence

by being all she thought them.

She was never robust physically, and her delicate organization began after some years to show the effects of long continued, unsparing devotion to her family and her outside duties and interests. Still, entirely forgetful of self, she gave of her failing strength as lavishly as she had always done. To physical weakness was added the menace of decaying vision, and for more than ten years before her death she was never free from the haunting fear of blindness. To her there could be no personal disability so terrible. From a child she had found unfailing solace and joy in reading, and throughout her life she was unusually suscep-

tible to the beauties of the out-of-door world. Soft colors, graceful lines and all the delights revealed to the eye gave her a peculiar intensity of pleasure. But facing a future from which had been withdrawn not only the satisfaction of these personal tastes, but almost all the dearly prized opportunities for ministering to those for whom the strength of her life had been given, she yet maintained from day to day through long years of steadily dwindling strength and sight, her gentle courage, her sweetness and cheerful serenity of mind.

From the final calamity of total blindness she was delivered. Her wonderful patience and utter self-devotion were

ended on this earth on January 29,^a 1906, when she slipped from a merciful unconsciousness into the sleep that knows no waking. Only God can reward such a life as hers. Its every act and thought was a witness to the reality of the unseen world. Infinite goodness and infinite truth were revealed to those who knew her. Of her religious faith she seldom spoke in words, but it determined and colored every action of her life. One cannot conceive of her without it—it was woven into the very texture of her being. The sharpest sorrows could not shake it nor any joy supplant it. She lived and died as one of God's saints, whose memory is blessed forever.

One who loved her with intelligent appreciation has characterized her perhaps as adequately as any mere words can do:

“There was about her always an air of the most extraordinary simplicity, as though she stood close to the hidden and inner source of things, truth, and love, and beauty, and unconsciously partook of their nature in some mysterious way, so that deceit and unloveliness and pretension were forever barred from her thoughts and actions. It was noticeable in her simple, right, straightforward thinking, and in the very manner of her expression as well. Without groping or blundering she knew her mind, and with fine

instinct caught the proper word to express it fittingly. The look in her eyes was a kind of a revelation of her simple whole-heartedness. They met you frankly and invited you into her thoughts with the utmost cordiality. There was never the slightest trace in them of affectation or self-consciousness, of distrust or double dealing—there was always friendliness, always unfeigned interest in your interests, always the most unselfish joy in your joys and the tenderest sympathy in your distress.

Close to the realities she surely was, and therefore she was as genuine as truth itself, pure-hearted, exquisitely sincere. Feeling intuitively her

relation to a bigger realm of things than that in which we live our narrow lives, it is not wonderful that she was modest, even diffident, and entirely forgetful of self. Nor is it wonderful, when one comes to think of it, that she had so rare a capacity for loving. She was part of the universe of love, and she gave it freely, as it was given to her, withholding nothing. With infinite tenderness she wrapped it close about her dear ones, and knew in her heart of hearts that they were safe-guarded thus against evil for all time. It went first and most warmly to her own, of course, but did not stop there. It reached out and on and beyond, timidly, but trustingly, without a suspi-

cion of wrong, baffling evil thinkers in its entire whole-heartedness, and attracting and compelling love in return, as does the winsomeness of an innocent child. With such a nature, it was inevitable that she should love eagerly and gratefully all the beautiful things in the world about her, the out-of-doors, sunshine, flowers, which grew and blossomed marvelously for her, simple music, clean books, pure speech. Whatever was in the least artificial or perverted caused her deep distress, as though it were an abnormal and profane thing. And it was the same with moral beauty and moral perversion; the one was joy and life to her, the other

affliction and heavy sorrow.

It is strange that so gentle a soul in so frail a body should be accounted one of the strong ones; yet she was tremendously strong, as we should see could we gather up and measure her whole life's influence. Strong to endure, firm in adherence to principle, unfailing in devotion, a steadfast friend—we can only marvel at the infinite beauty and dignity of her life. To her, duty could never be hard; care and responsibility—even sacrifice and suffering, were accepted with cheerfulness. Love prompted every action and was its own abundant recompense.”

Funeral Services

Brief services at Washington Tuesday morning January 30, 1906, were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Couden, Chaplain of the House of Representatives who was also a friend of Mrs. Buck. The burial was at Kalamazoo, where the major part of her life had been spent. Services were held at the First Methodist Episcopal Church in that city Wednesday afternoon, conducted by her friend and pastor the Rev. W. M. Puffer, D. D. The Rev. Dr. M. M. Callen, Presiding Elder of the Kalamazoo District, read the Scripture; Rev. Dr. J. C. Floyd of Cincinnati, Field Secretary of the Missionary

Society, offered prayer; the Rev. Dr. John Graham of Grand Rapids, pastor at Kalamazoo from 1879 to 1882, spoke briefly; also the Rev. Dr. A. M. Gould of Kalamazoo, pastor of the First M. E. Church from 1884 to 1887; Rev. Louis Delamarter of Lansing, Presiding Elder of the Lansing District, pastor of the First M. E. Church of Kalamazoo from 1894 to 1898. The substance of their tributes follows:

REV. JOHN GRAHAM, D.D.

When Massilon delivered the funeral oration over the bier of Louis XIV he stood for some moments gazing fixedly at an hour glass in his hand from which the sands were

slowly running—then turning to the assembly before him he said impressively, “Nothing abides but God.”

As I look into the faces before me and note the changes that time has made in the figures and features of those that remain, and when I think how many of the congregation to which I ministered in this place many years ago are not here today, I am moved to say with Massilon, “Nothing abides but God.” And now another one of those we knew so well has left us. Our hearts go out to her husband sitting there, far away, in his sorrow. This is the deepest grave he will ever dig, the greatest grief that he will ever experience. May

God comfort him and his children!

It seems only yesterday that I came to this church as a young man, and was thrown almost immediately into neighborly relation with Judge Buck and his wife who lived next door on Vine Street. Mrs. Buck's mother, Mrs. Bradford, and her three sisters, Mrs. Yost, Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Field were then living in the immediate neighborhood. Mrs. Buck was next the youngest of these sisters and as I remember it, the favorite one, a sort of pet with the others. I remember well the strong attachment among them all. Judge and Mrs. Buck were then entering upon the active work of life, establishing

their home, rearing their children, working in the church and taking a responsible part in the activities of the community. I recall Mrs. Buck as a young woman, quiet, thoughtful and discriminating; fond of her home and family, very domestic in her tastes; with a liking for good literature, particularly poetry; prudent and careful in the management of her household; very gentle and sensitive, and solicitous for the welfare of her family. She gave much time and thought to the care and development of her children in body, mind and character. (Speaking to her son) She thought much about you my boy, and was most anxious that you should grow

up a strong and true man. She exerted a remarkable influence upon your early life and gave your character its bent to a greater degree perhaps than you realize. The impress of her personality is evident in the life and work of all her children.

I remember well the friendly atmosphere of her home. This was one of my early pastorates, and like all young preachers I had my worries and perplexities. I would often, at such times, seek the friendly shelter of Judge Buck's home, where I never failed to receive from him and Mrs. Buck sympathy, wise counsel and good cheer. This trait of Mrs. Buck's was most delightful—she was habitually optimistic and

hopeful. She could see the best side of a situation and suggest a way 'out of difficulties. She radiated cheerfulness, and I always went away strengthened and encouraged.

A minister has to be very careful sometimes about what he says—he sometimes feels a restraint on such an occasion as this. As I stand in the presence of a life such as our sister has lived, however, I feel no trammels, no constraint. She has served well her day and generation and her life abides—a treasure not lost, but transformed.

REV. A. M. GOULD, D.D.

“Friend after friend departs.
Who hath not lost a friend?”
“We belong to a pilgrim

race.” “Soon the places that
know us now shall know us
no more forever.” “But we
seek a city which hath
foundations, whose builder and
maker is God.”

“The Father’s house has many rooms,
And each is fair ;
And some are reached through gathered
glooms
By silent stair ;
But He keeps house and makes it home
Which ever way the children come.
Plenty and peace are everywhere
His house within ;
The rooms are eloquent with prayer,
The songs begin ;
And dear hearts filled with love are glad,
Fogetting that they once were sad.”

When I first knew Sister
Buck she was a comparatively
young woman, and her children
were small. She was an ideal
home-maker. Few husbands
or children were ever
welcomed to a more pleasant,

quiet, loving and refined home, than were Judge Buck and his children. She was devoted to her husband and children and made their home life sacred and beautiful.

Her tastes were naturally literary and religious, and her spirit, her culture, her life, combined with that of her husband, led their children to scholarly attainments and religious character. Their children were early brought to God and the church, and the wealth of a Christian home, the influence of a cultured, consecrated, and now sainted mother, are their heritage, rich beyond earthly treasure.

A dissolute young man said on his dying bed, "Gather up my influence and bury it with

me." A thing impossible. So the influence of this precious woman, who has given so much of her life in instructing the young, in prayer to God, in the study of His word, in comforting the sorrowing, in helping the poor, in devotion to her home and in service to the church, cannot be buried, but must live on in the lives of others, as a blessing and inspiration to society and to the church.

"She has gone from a home to a home," "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Here we have sin, darkness, sorrow, sickness, death. "There the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick," there night, sorrow, separation and death are no more "and

God Himself shall wipe all tears from our eyes." To that home, beautiful, glorious, heavenly, has Sister Buck gone, and it is comforting to know that husband and children are on the way to the home-gathering above.

REV. LOUIS DELAMARTER, D.D.

When Whittier walked among the lonely graves of stalwart men on the shore of a New England lake, he expressed his thoughts and emotions in these words:

"Wordless moans the ancient pine ;
Lake and mountain make no sign ;
Vain to trace this ring of stones ;
Vain the search of crumbling bones ;
Deepest of all mysteries,
And the saddest, silence is."

That our friend speaks not,
oppresses and saddens me.
That she has spoken, and that

her life still lives on, blesses us all. Her going away has a personal inreach into our family and heart life, such as none others know. When our supreme sorrow came into our hearts, and we were led into the voiceless shadows, it was Mrs. Buck who had a heart for us. With each return of the anniversary of our sorrow, a message from her pen came to clear our vision, to sweeten our hope, to stimulate our faith. Gems of thought, jewels of comfort, treasures of lofty ideals are filed away in our home, in the handwriting of this beloved friend. Hence it is that she has entered so deeply into our life; hence it is that her passing touches us so keenly.

Everyone has a personality, which none can define, but which none can fail to feel. This also is a mystery, but instead of being the saddest, it is the richest, if the character of that personality be rich. Qualities of mind, spirit, and heart contribute to that personality, although they are not all of it. Mrs. Buck's mind-life was clear, clean, refined. She appreciated pure and lofty bits of literature, and passed them on to her friends. Her spirit was magnanimous. Uncharity seemed a stranger to her nature. Her words were baptized with benevolence. If she were ever compelled to an adverse opinion, she uttered it with apologies and self-reproach.

She naturally saw the best in others; she had a genius for that. Her heart was sympathetic, to the extent of a child's tenderness. Others' sorrows were her sorrows, others' ills touched her sympathies. She moved among us as an angel of mercy, both in her judgments of people and in her ministries. Beautiful flowers, beautiful thoughts, beautiful forms, beautiful adornments—all these belong to her.

I am now fearing that these remarks, although true to the life, are distasteful to her, so retiring, so modest, so self-effacing was her spirit. And yet I am sure she would be willing to be used for the exaltation of righteousness.

She knew full well that everyone owes the world a life—a clean, true helpful life. We owe it to goodness and to the age that we lift up the true, the beautiful, and the good, in order that worth may win and the wayfarers be guided. Such a life and such a career are a vast contribution to human life and they belong to the public. No other investment is so rich in returns as that which is put into others' lives. I cannot conceive of a better benediction for this company of sympathetic and mourning friends than that the mantle of this fine nature should fall on each of us. In the outset I spoke of the saddest mystery of silence, but fine and strong is the message

of her life to us, after all. May we each hear it, dwell upon it, make it ours! In a book she loved, this passage is marked:

“For of every soul that seeks to arrive at usefulness, which is the service of Christ, at holiness, which is the likeness of Christ, and at heaven, which is the eternal presence of Christ, it is written:

““SO HE BRINGETH THEM
UNTO THEIR DESIRED HAVEN.””

REV. W. M. PUFFER, D.D.

If our sister could speak to us today, I am sure from what I know personally, and from what has been said to me, that she would not want us to mourn, but that we should rather think of this time as a festal day, a glad crowning

day. She was very anxious to carry on some ministries of kindness. I am sure her wish would be that we should always strive to be useful in loving service. So modest was she that she would be unwilling to hear words of praise, and yet the truth of her beautiful life allows and requires us to say the things that have been said by her pastors who knew her well and honored her.

There seem to me to be certain thoughts that ought to be deeply impressed upon us by this life. She lived for the highest things in human life; these were her joy and her exaltation. Because she so lived she was able to be an inspiration to many others. The great thought that stands

forth before us is that her life was a complete life; she compassed human life; she completely lived. She got out of human life all there is in human life. She has gone on to enjoy its richest blessings in the eternal years. She loved her family and gave herself with great devotion to them. May the greatness and the blessedness of family love be impressed upon us this day more than ever in all our lives.

I desire to say also a personal word. When I came to the pastorate of this church I was received with the greatest of courtesy and kindness by Brother and Sister Buck, and they have constantly manifested toward me the greatest sympathy and cordiality. Their

love and devotion for their church they have shown to be very great. For many years it has been an important part of their lives to have very close relations with their ministers, and the feeling of their ministers to them has been shown in this service. During the long months of Judge Buck's illness before he returned to Washington I saw him frequently, and my heart was drawn out in great sympathy and respect as I saw her wifely devotion and love. Our hearts go out with sympathy to the sorrowing husband so far away, who is unable to be here today, and to the children and other relatives. I know that very many are giving to Judge Buck their sympathy,

their love: you, the members of the Bar Association, some of you his associates for long years; you his comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic; you the members of the Church which he and his wife have loved, and in which their children were brought up, and a great host of friends in Kalamazoo, his place of residence for many years, and in many other places.

Memorial Services.

Memorial services were held by Orcutt Corps No. 110, Womans Relief Corps, in Kalamazoo on February 6, 1906, and by the Home Missionary Society of the First M. E. Church of Kalamazoo a few days later. Appropriate resolutions were adopted by the first named organization, by the Bar Association of Kalamazoo County, and by the Michigan Social Club of Washington, D. C.

Selections
From Mrs. Buck's Writings

A Valentine.

My heart, sweet friend, I send to you.
Love's arrow pierced it thro' and thro'.
What can the hapless victim do
But mourn his sad estate?

Love wanders free; his winged feet
No fetters bind ; with freedom sweet
He rules supreme ; with wiles replete
He conquers soon or late.

And yet the god has grown so dear,
I fain would clasp him, hold him near.
His presence soothes the pain I fear.
His touch the anguish heals.

Oh stay ! dear Love, plume not thy wings !
This is thy home. A sweet hope sings ;
The old, old anthem clearly rings,
Heaven's portal life reveals.

Love's Offering.

No ringing bells, no trumpet's blare,
No banner flung to summer air,
But true and staunch, with hearts elate,
We come this day to celebrate.

We pledge thee not in sparkling wine,
Far better offerings are thine;
Nor costly gifts do we bestow,
Save for love's altar all aglow.

There's naught in life more sweet and rare,
Than friendship's tie, the chain that binds
True heart to kindred heart, shows loving care,
And in the thought for others, blessing finds.

We love thee well and crave for thee
All good which human heart can know,
May peace divine thy portion be,
And hope to full fruition grow.

Lead us, our Father, gently on our way,
Our feet may slip in paths unknown;
Guard us and guide us that we may not stray;
Blindly we wander, lead us safely home.

Written on the occasion of the birthday of her friend, Mrs.
Lyman.

Epworth Rallying Song.

DEDICATED TO THE KALAMAZOO EPWORTH LEAGUE.

'Tis a century of conflict,
Foes around us everywhere!
When in battle they confront us
Shall we blood and sinew spare?

Arm with vigor! Let not languor
Steal our sense nor dull our fears!
This is time for earnest action!
'Tis the conflict of the years!

Here the battle rages hotly!
Boldly now, our foes advance!
We must challenge them undaunted!
Leave not victory to chance!

We will fight, and fight to conquer!
"Never falter," be our cry!
Ours is strength of which they know not,
Strength whose source can never die.

With insidious wiles, the tempter
Charms, to stay our dearest hope;
Saps, with guile, its strong foundations;
Leaves the soul in doubt to grope.

Lo! our Captain stands triumphant.
See his mien of conscious power!
See the *love* by death unvanquished!
He, the God-man, this the Hour!

In his name, our forces rally!
To his aid we gladly come!
Christ is e'er our Hope and Comfort!
God our Tower and Heaven our home!

God is mighty! Still enduring
Is His law! Foe ne'er shall lure
Valiant souls from their allegiance!
"God, our Captain! Victory sure!"

Faith.

“ There is no fear, for bright
Before me gleams the light
 From gates ajar.
His love hath kept me to the end,
And to the gloom of death doth lend
 A radiance from afar.

“ His tenderness He doth reveal,
For with the last sharp pang I feel
 The clasp of His strong hand.
A heavenly whisper now I hear:
“ I will be with thee; do not fear
 To cross the strand.’

“ My tired steps have wandered far,
But just beyond I see the star
 That beckons me away.
Where loved and lost my soul may greet,
Where rest at last my weary feet,
 In realms of endless day.

“ Why weep? Though darkest night descend,
The dawn of morning light will end
 All grief and pain.
Through cypress trees its rays will shine
And joy transcendent, peace divine,
 With me remain.

“ So take me, Lord, ‘my faith looks up to
 Thee!’
Through death’s dark portals Thou dost bear
 me tenderly
 To my last home!’”

On the death of a friend — Mrs. Mary Remington, Kalamazoo, Michigan, Sept. 20, 1903.

